

## **Are you insane like me? by Immortal Sins**

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**Summary:** Blood is always the sweetest when mixed with fear.  
Always... Rated M for a reason.

# 1. Chapter 1

The world had changed.

Everything was so different from when I had left it last to slumber. I had seen this before though; caves to crumbling castles, and from that to wooden forts and larger towns- cities. Filled with bodies ripe for the taking.

And take I did. In the new times there were thousands to pick from. Lots that no one would miss crowded like cattle in dark allies. Huddled around garbage set a light to keep them warm and stave off the darkness that blanketed the streets at night. But I lived in the darkness. I WAS the darkness, crawling through shadows and blackened corners. Taking what I wanted- what I needed to survive. The blood of the masses, their fear making it even sweeter.

I had taken a lot through the years that I had been on this planet, I was greedy and so, so very hungry. My greed was what put me in my retched tomb, to be sealed away for nearly two decades. I thought the humans to be like cattle- narrow minded and slow, hearing together for safety in numbers. I was wrong. The disappearance of a young Prince that I had stolen for an evening snack turned out to be my undoing. I took what I wanted, king, queen, peasant. I cared not for their titles because they were all just meat sacks to me, filled with sweet, sweet blood.

The disappearance had caused a huge fuss among the city as rumors of a blood sucking demon spread like wild fire lighting imaginations and torches. They searched for me. And they found me. I killed them all. I ate them all. And I loved every drop of blood spilt from their flesh.

They had grown smarter though, the humans ever evolving managed to trap me with large slabs of stone flooded with water. Using a single child as sacrifice, I was trapped so easily... because of my greed.

But instead of dying like they had hoped, I grew weak and tired until finally sleep claimed my body and mind. In the darkness I stayed for

many, many years. Until finally the light crept back in.... I thought I was imagining it, fantasizing about the sun on my skin once more, but it was true and faithful falling warm and bright like my hope for it.

It took a child's innocence to put me in this place- and a child's innocence to get me out.

I was free once more, weak and weary, but free. I wanted out of that wretched stone coffin and fled from it as soon as I could. Never once had I feared anything, I was the top of the food chain rightly so. But I had learned my lesson, that man was clever and greedy too. Now I just needed to be more so than before.

With their leap of evolution once again visible to my eyes I ran very far and very fast, my feet barely touching the softness of the Earth below me. I would have to place myself on top once more, but it would be a slow return.

But return I will.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter One

I don't recall ever having a mother, though everything is born from something i know; I was left with holes in my memory from the beginning... my beginning. I had heard many sayings through my time here, but one of the ones I favored most was given to me from a mother shortly before I had killed her young...

"Follow your nose, it can lead you even when blinded."

I followed my nose, desperately trying to find a new nesting ground for my terror. I passed through many fields, hunting for a human colony to prey upon and although I smelt them feintly at all times, I hadn't come upon one for a few hours. Trees passed by quickly, as did the sun in the sky and soon darkness was quick approaching. I needed to feast and being as weak as I was I couldn't chance being out in the open. So I kept going, fueled only by rage and hunger I ran further than I had energy for, until a strong scent snared me. My feet slid to a stop, causing a large trench to form behind me and soil to fly in every direction, including my face. Wiping the dirt from my steely eyes, I tilted my head back and waited for the wind to carry the tantalising scent to me once more.

"Humanssssss" the hiss that left my throat felt almost entirely alien to my body; throat tight and nostrils flared, I dove back into a sprint.

The night was now upon me as the moon, fully faced, looked down upon the world, casting everything in it's silvery glow. I would have stopped to appreciate the beauty if the need to feed hadn't turned me into a wanting monster. Soon trees turned into meadows and meadows into rocks as I came upon a stream with the scent drifting down it. The rocks made it difficult to run full speed, but also made for quieter steps, for the weeds that grew along the small creek had grown quite large and would create too much of a scene running through. So I bounced from stone to stone, leaping gracefully and quickly further towards my new nesting ground.

I was so close, practically upon them- the first piece of civilization

came into view, my pace slowing drastically until coming to a complete halt just below it. It was a bridge. An old wooden, red painted bridge that had been carved into countless times, each with new writing and a new statement. Most making absolutely no sense to me in the slightest. Wear and weather had caused the paint to flake in many places, leaving it cracked and flimsy looking; the boards warped and sunken in. I scrunched my nose up in disgust, it smelt of alcohol and mold.

As I gazed up at the eye sore I took a moment to center myself. The sound of crickets and frogs were loud, and a dog barked to the East somewhere, but I needed to reign myself in. Taking a deep breath I inhaled the scents around me; closed eyes and senses on alert. A few animals, mainly deer, hounds, and felines, the rest being humans.

Good.

A few hundres lived here, plenty enough to survive on for years to come and for the first time in a decade and a half I smiled, true and evil.

One jump and I was in the middle of the road leading to the red disaster- the scent was strongest this way and I was sure in a few moments I would sate my hunger...

Towards the town I tiptoed, kind of. More like stalked, slinking from shadow to shadow with eyes a gleam. A small line a drool trickled down my chin at the thought of blood flowing down my throat, filling that hungry, snarling void in my body.

Yes. Tonight there will be blood and screaming... the dark thought had become almost a mantra with the force of need behind it. In all sense of the word I had become an animal for the night and as the first building came into site, small and blue, an upgrade from the olden times of thick wooden hovels, i new there would be hell to pay...

And I had already sold my soul to the devil.

### 3. Chapter 3

Hey guys, to anyone reading this, I have taken over my older sisters account and have decided to take my first hit at a story, though a rather warped one. And even though i may not be as good a writer as my sissy was, i still love doing it. The first few chapters may be a little choppy because i was literally writing them off of my phone on my car trip, but i hope they weren't too horrible. If you do decide to read this, thank you so much and i hope you enjoy.

I don't own IT or anything about IT or Stephen Kings other novels. He's a bad ass writer though, god damn!

#### Chapter Two

I had fallen asleep under that damnable red bridge, waking with only vague memories of the nights events.

*The small blue house was old, the lawn strewn with different colorful little decorations. Everything from small men with ridiculously cheery faces to tall tilting pink birds that resembled awkward ballerinas. Everything was so... quaint. And quiet. The noise from the rest of the town barely touched the air space around here. I stood there for a moment, drool dripping from lips twisted into a warped smile, and eyes narrowed into slits before i stepped quickly into the darkness of the yard.*

A shudder rattled through my bones at the powerful thought; eyes closed and lazily imagining... basking.

*The window was so easy to crawl through, the old wood had given in easily with a firm push, the metal lining it barely making any noise as it scraped against the glass. Decades to evolve and it seemed as though the world had barely turned while I had been under that damnable rock.*

*No sooner had those thoughts sprung from the ledge of my mind, did they plummet to back to the depths upon entering the small home. The inside was lined with such peculiar looking devices and ware, that I hadn't the slightest of clue where to begin looking. It seemed as though the family was richer than I had anticipated, for silver coated most of the counters and silverware that had been left out.*

A dull throb behind my eyes interrupted my thoughts, making it clear that I was going to be ill. Before the bile even had a chance to churn in my stomach, I was rolled over and kneeling. My body heaved as my stomach rolled with the strength of the illness and vomit projected from my mouth- Blood and bile staining the grass in front of me.

"I fed *too* much." I declared between gasps and panting. It had been such a long time since I had been ill I had almost forgot what it had felt like to be sick.

But the blood had been so exquisite... So alluring in my state of blood lust.

*I had been exploring the den of the strange home, observing the advances of man- I had almost completely forgotten about my hunger, until I heard a muffled coughing noise from above.*

*It was then that I realized that even though the house was small, it had a second floor of rooms above. The quaint set of stairs leading me to my prey went unused, as a simple bound took me to the second floor with ease. The plush carpet under my feet quieted my movements; simplifying the slaughter.*

*My saliva glands were in over drive, drool pooling in the bottom of my mouth and dripping from the corner of my lips and down my chin.*

A deep inhale brought me back from the fantasy and I pushed myself from the ground with a heaving sigh. I was tired- no, I was *exhausted* and I would be until I had my fill. The obnoxiously bright sun wasn't helping either; Though the lore spoke of it turning my skin to ash, it was a lie. The sun would not kill me, it would only weaken me.

So I stood for a moment under that bridge, simply enjoying the feeling of the breeze and the sun on my skin. I had missed so much...

The birds singing and the humming of bees, the water dancing between the rocks of the small creak next to me. The wind lifted my hair slightly, causing it to float in front of my face and tickle against my nose.

"I missed you, breeze..." It was almost silly to say it so lovingly, but I did. Living under a rock for as long as I had, you forget the freedoms that something as simple as a summer breeze could bring.

I stayed like for as long as the morning would let me. If any were to walk by and see me they'd think me a statue for how long I stood like that, completely still and quiet.

I stayed there while the sun rose higher, illuminating more of the small surrounding area.

I stayed there until the first scream echoed through the small, hollowed, blue house. Listening carefully to the loud, panicked voices calling for help.

It wasn't until I heard a loud, high pitched horn nearing the scene that I made my way back down the dainty creak, to pursue shelter for the days that I would be staying in this quaint little town.



## 4. Chapter 4

I don't own IT or anything Stephen king related. Just my character.

The sound of trickling water had almost choked out the surrounding noises of the small forest it passed through.

Though my hearing was superb, I was still overwhelmed by my freedom. I had thought that the world stopped turning when the rock fell and encaged me in my prison, but I had been very wrong.

The small house that I had hunted turned out to be a real eye opener. It was proof that I would have to be on my guard- that I would have to adapt once more to this new reality that I had escaped into.

So, I kept my eye's open and ever watching, even when the blinding rays of the sun caused my brain to throb painfully behind my eyes.

I listened carefully to the surrounding nature, waiting for any moments notice where I would need to hide or kill.

I had kept up this alertness for about an hour while slowly wandering down the winding creek, until I realised that no one ever came this way. The scent of man was very dull this way. It seems that they avoided coming near the murky water and weeds that sprouted up along the edges of the small river and tried to snare your feet. Agile movements left me at ease with my choice of path, knowing that the water would not splash me, and the weeds would not trap me, because I wouldn't let them. Even while dazing in thought my limbs moved with a grace on their own; It didn't look like I was going to be coming across anything at all for a while.

*The hallway leading to my prey seemed so much longer than it was. My eyes focused in on the only thing keeping my meal away from me- a simple wooden door with little black markings on the bottom in the shape of flowers. The steady, deep breathing of the couple behind it indicating that they had just fallen into the realm of dreams.*

*I didn't even feel my feet move, it was as if the hallway had suddenly shortened on its own, as the door was inches away from my nose now. My*

*breath came even faster as the adrenaline started pumping through my veins at a quicker pace.*

*The door hadn't even been closed all the way; My hand came up and my index finger pressed against the door without a care, swinging it open just enough for me to creep through. The only sound besides their breathing, had been the constant tapping of my saliva hitting the floor as it rolled off my chin, leaving a lazy trail behind me.*

*"Yessss!" The hiss was quiet and feral as my eyes locked upon my targets, both had been wrapped in their cozy looking embroidered blanket.*

*It had looked so soft and inviting.*

My eyes snapped to the left as an odd smell drifted my way, bringing me away from my reverie. The scent was unmistakably human, and it seemed as though there were many coming from that direction...

Wait...

The smell of rot came crashing against my senses causing my nose to scrunch up and my head to tilt back as if the very smell offended me.

It did not.

The scent had been almost overpowering in its welcoming, which caused a sickly grin to stretch my lips. Very sharp canine teeth poked out from the corners of my smile, and I took my first steps in the direction the rot came from.

It had to be a cemetery, or a morgue. Maybe an execution hall?

Excitement swirled in my veins giving a bounce of joy to my foot falls. Death excited me. Was part of me. I fed the river of the damned and lined the pockets of grave keepers.

I was close, and my eyes dilated sharply, allowing me to absorb more detail to my surroundings. The sun was high and the tree's in this part were tall, causing a long shadow to be cast along the marshy looking ground underneath. I hadn't realized I had even been holding my breathe until I had let it out in a huff of sudden irritation. There was...

Nothing.

How droll.

I made a graceful path to the middle of the shadowed area, looking around suspiciously with my nose in the air. I kept rapidly breathing in through my nose, turning my head in every direction trying to sniff out something that would indicate that there was any living human life around.

None.

No gravestones... No shovels. No cross planted in the ground held together by twigs and simple twine. No small ribbons wrapped around the trunk of a tree, or large boulder to indicate a fallen soldier. The ground had not been dug up recently... Not even within the past 50 years it seemed.

So where was the smell coming from?

Nose still in the air, I turned my body in circles, eyes keen as a fox searching for movement.

And then a large burst of the foul smell reached me again, coming from a pile of clumped up grass on a hill to my right. I approached it quickly and quietly and when I was standing directly above the knotted patch, I reached down and grasped a handful, ripping it from the earth. Soil and mud flew through the air from the force in which I had torn it out of the ground, my patience had run its course and I wanted solitude and protection from the harsh light of the sun.

A dingy, old looking stone sewage pipe greeted my silver eyes.

"How peculiar." I purred, looking down the dark tunnel. Tossing the clump of grass to the side somewhere, I ventured a step forward. It smelled *awful*.

It smelled like *home*.

Taking one last glance over my shoulder, I continued into the dark, dank smelling hole.

"At last..." I breathed out in a content whisper, "I am home."